

Slowly, Slowly by GiveMeTheGay

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Summary:

As Steve began debating the effectiveness of chucking his American History textbook at the locker to see if he could simply bully it into submission, a large shadow suddenly appeared on the wall next to him. Steve stilled and frowned at the shape, hoping that his guesses were all very wrong.

‘You know, after getting smashed in the face with your fist, I never expected you to be such a damsel in distress, Harrington.’

Or alternatively, Billy tries to make up for what he’s done to Steve.

Slowly, Slowly

Author's Note:

Hey guys, I got Netflix SUPER late and just finished watching Stranger Things Season 2 and I can't get over these two together. Please comment and give any feedback you can! Hope you enjoy ;)

Steve pulled up outside Hawkins High with Dustin in the passenger seat. As the engine cut off, so did Dustin's passionate monologue on the merits of different Jedis, leaving a content silence between them. Steve reached for the back seat of the car where Dustin's school bag was slumped after being thrown in haphazardly by the excited teen. Dustin was still bouncing in his seat from his hyperactive glee on being dropped off at the school by Steve Harrington. Steve hadn't been sure why his car was such a thrilling experience for the kid until Dustin had explained the significance to him on the ride over.

'I get to come to school in Steve Harrington's car. Steve this is so cool, you are not going to believe what a lady magnet this is gonna be...'

Dustin grabbed his bag from Steve's hand and opened the door of the car. He glanced back cheekily at Steve. 'Watch the magic happen Steve, just watch.' Dustin winked and got out of the car.

'Good luck kid.' Steve waved at Dustin as he began to stroll across the parking lot and finger gun the nearest group of girls.

Steve chuckled at Dustin's antics. He could be a real heartbreaker one day, Steve mused getting out of his car. He noticed Billy's Camaro across the lot and wondered where its occupant was. At this time, Billy would usually be leaning against the car with a cigarette in his mouth, surveying his kingdom lazily. Today he must have foregone this ritual. Steve wondered if he had been at school the past few days or if he had stayed at home, like him, until the worst of that night was over. Steve had hit the bed at the end of that night and blacked out, until dreams of a howling demodog had forced him awake. The entire group hadn't been at school for the past week, recuperating

from the trauma of recent events.

Steve shook himself out of the memories haunting him and walked into the churning flow of teenagers heading towards the school. As soon as he entered the school doors, the rowdy hordes of pupils hushed down to stare at him. Steve strode down the corridor towards his locker with his head firmly pointed forwards instead of crumbling to the desire to shrink against the floor. Students stared. Teachers frowned. But the worst of all was Nancy's flinch as she saw the wreckage littering his face. Steve still sported an impressive array of bruises spattered on his face his violent encounter with Billy. The bruises had only evolved from then, developing different, vibrant hues. It looked like Steve had been in a fight with the art room; his skin was spattered with splotches of red intermingled with violet and tints of yellow.

Nancy's hands tightened into fists at her side, then rose to press gently on his right cheekbone, where the worst of the bruising had developed.

'Steve, you have to tell someone.'

Steve scoffed.

'Yeah, like what? Billy Hargrove beat me up because I took his sister monster-hunting in a stranger's house? Nance, I'd be in Hawkin's lab in no time with a straightjacket on.'

Nancy held his gaze in silence. Steve sighed and pulled his locker door open, yanking out the textbooks he needed for the day. He turned back to her and smiled, hopefully convincingly.

'Nance, I'm all good, the kids fixed me up with plasters,' Those plasters had been a bitch to remove later on, but he had appreciated the thought. 'And really, my main problem of the day is Mr Bretton's history assignment. Do you think he'd accept 'my demogorgon ate my homework' as a valid excuse?'

Nancy cracked a small smile at that and shoved him gently in the arm.

‘Alright, fine, make sure you take it slow today though, okay?’

As Steve nodded in affirmation, the school bell began shrieking down the corridor. Nancy huffed out a breath and told Steve she’d see him in the corner of the cafeteria at lunch. She turned and walked briskly away, leaving Steve fumbling with his textbooks and trying to close the locker door. The door rarely locked on the first try, resulting in Steve endeavouring to swing it closed in increasingly desperate attempts.

As Steve had begun debating the effectiveness of chucking his American History textbook at the locker to see if he could simply bully it into submission, a large shadow suddenly appeared on the wall next to him. Steve stilled and frowned at the shape, hoping that his guesses were all very wrong.

‘You know, after getting smashed in the face with your fist, I never expected you to be such a damsel in distress, Harrington.’

Steve rested his forehead against the obstinate metal door and groaned. All thoughts of using the history text book were suddenly directed towards the obnoxious, undoubtedly smirking asshole behind him. There would definitely be some sense of accomplishment in throwing the musty text in Billy’s face. He swiveled round to face him and put on the most irritated expression he could muster.

‘Billy, why are you here?’

Billy’s eyes flickered over Steve’s bruises and Steve could have sworn he saw a slight tightening in his eyes at the sight. But Billy’s face cleared quickly, and he nodded towards the locker door squeaking on its abused hinges.

‘Saw you were having problems princess. What with all your pitiful basketball performances, I thought you might need a little extra strength.’

Steve scoffed and slammed the locker door shut again, praying to any sort of deity to not leave him humiliated in front of such an ass. Apparently, Steve was finally getting a break; the door clicked shut with the most triumphant sound Steve had ever heard. If fucking

angels had descended from the heavens right then, Steve wouldn't have even blinked. He faced Billy with a sickly-sweet grin and leaned in towards him.

'I'm managing fine without any dickhead's aid. If you really want to help me, then move out of the way. I'm late.'

Billy raised an eyebrow, gazing reproachfully at the closed locker. He looked back to smirk at Steve and bowed dramatically, gesturing his hand out towards the now clear pathway to class. Steve rolled his eyes and walked past, deliberately stepping down on one of Billy's trainers. He heard a hiss of pain, followed by a deep chuckle.

'See you next time princess.'

Steve was currently dying. Sweat was trickling down his face onto his neck, and his legs were protesting loudly at being abused by the constant falls and stumbles on the court. All to chase a damn ball. Having fled from demodogs in the underground tunnels of Hawkins, the current pain spreading through his body seemed pointless. Apparently, Coach Peters didn't think so.

'Harrington, get off your ass! No time for a nap on the court, kid.'

Steve struggled back onto his feet for the fiftieth time that hour. His bruises were throbbing with each step he took and his vision was beginning to swim before he blinked rapidly to clear it up. He took his place on the court again, placing himself as far away from Billy as possible. This had so far worked for the whole game and Steve had managed to avoid any more interaction with him. He was sure that the tackles he was suffering from the other team had increased in severity throughout the game. A couple of the boys had snickered at Steve's bruised face when he had entered the changing room, probably meaning that he had become a beacon for all basketball aggressiveness that day.

As he leant back to stretch the aching muscles of his shoulders, Steve glanced over towards the far end of the court. He caught Billy's eyes staring directly at him, his brow creased in an expression that seemed

to resemble concern. Steve yanked his gaze away and felt his face heating up. He focused on tying his already tied laces, just to avoid leaving his hands shaking at his sides. He glanced up again quickly before he could stop himself. Billy had his back to Steve and had cornered one of the players who had taken up position of blocking Steve the whole game. Steve couldn't see Billy's face, but the guy he was talking to had turned extremely pale and was sweating far more than was normal.

Coach Peters whistle pierced the hushed quiet of the court to signal the return to the game. Steve scrambled back to his feet and readied himself for the coming onslaught of basketball fueled testosterone. He looked back to the end of the court to see if Billy's conversation with the player had ended, but Billy wasn't there. Instead, the player remained standing down at the bottom of the court and didn't move back to his position by Steve.

Still trying to work out what exactly he had done to ward off his overly eager opponent, Steve dabbed the sweat of his face with the neck of his shirt.

'Heating up for you already Harrington?'

Steve yelped, spinning back to come chest to chest with Billy Hargrove looking at him. A red flush crept up Steve's neck when he realised how close they were and he stepped back to allow himself a little more breathing room.

'Jesus Hargrove, give a guy some warning next time you put your ugly mug in their face.'

Billy's smirk crawled further up his cheeks until Steve could have sworn it was a full-blown smile.

'We can't all be pretty like you princess.'

Billy continued looking at Steve shifting uncomfortably in front of him. Steve was about to ask him what the hell he was looking at when Billy's eyes looked upwards and narrowed rapidly. His body coiled round Steve's quickly to shove him out of the way of a flying ball. Steve nearly fell to the floor but managed to catch himself

before he sprawled humiliatingly out on the gym floor. He could hear Billy angrily dressing down the source of the ball and then the sound of trainers squeaking on the floor until they stopped by his head. A hand came into sight, Steve was still so dazed by the speed of what had just happened that he stared at the hand for a long time, gazing at the hard lines of muscle extending up its arm. He glanced up into blue eyes that were peering down at him bemusedly.

‘I promise I won’t drop you this time Harrington.’ Billy wagged the fingers of his extended hand in what he probably thought was an inviting manner.

Steve snapped back into himself and grasped Billy’s sweaty hand, allowing himself to be lifted up easily by Billy’s inhuman strength. There’s got to be some sort of drug that gives you this much power, Steve thought grumpily.

When he was on his feet, he was surprised that Billy didn’t instantly shove him away. Instead he waited until he was sure Steve was steady enough to stand on his own. His fingers brushed Steve’s own as they left, making Steve shiver at the prolonged touch. Steve’s fingers wanted to reach towards Billy’s hand again, but Steve clamped down on that feeling by running them through his hair. Steve wasn’t sure what that feeling meant and didn’t want to find out.

Coach Peters had clearly had enough of disasters on the court and sent them away to the changing rooms. Steve kept looking over to Billy, who was swaggering in and out of the showers with the same aura of asshole that he had always had. But, Billy had pushed him away from a ball that would have hit Steve square in the face. He couldn’t understand; last time he had seen Billy had been with his fist in his face. Had the contents of the syringe emptied Billy of all memories of that night?

Steve was putting away his gym clothes into his bag when Billy slouched on the wall next to him.

‘Good game, huh Harrington.’

Despite his apparent ease, Billy’s eyes were clearly scanning Steve’s

entire body to check for any more damage from the basketball game. His eyes finally rested on the bruises covering Steve's face and he winced subtly, before looking down at the floor. Steve continued packing away his things, trying not to stare at Billy's furrowed brows or his lip that was being pulled between his teeth in concentration.

'Yeah, I experienced a lot of it on the floor. It's a new technique I'm exploring. Trying to trip up the other team with my entire body, y'know.' Steve zipped up his bag and slung it over his shoulder.

Billy chuckled low in his throat, but didn't pull his gaze away from the floor. Steve didn't know whether to leave the changing room, or wait for Billy to move away first. After a couple minutes of a tense silence between the two, Billy sighed and looked up.

'Look Harrington, I haven't forgotten about that night.'

Steve stiffened, straightening up in case Billy got violent again. Billy noticed and scoffed.

'Relax princess, I'm not here to kick your ass. I- I just wanted to say that that whole fight wasn't cool, okay. I wasn't thinking right, and I'm glad that Max stopped me when she did, alright.'

Steve gazed at Billy's hunched form in shock. He hadn't expected any form of apology to cross Billy's lips. The other events of the day began to make more sense. Billy was clearly trying to make amends. Steve cleared his throat, making Billy's eyes dart up to land on his face.

'Billy, I get why you were pissed that night, alright. Max was in a random stranger's house and I was the only guy there that wasn't a prepubescent tween,' Steve saw Billy's faint smirk, and figured that in any other situation Billy would have thrown that statement right back in his face. Instead, he nodded his head slowly. 'And thanks for saying that, okay. I just- Could you say that to the kids too?'

Billy rolled his eyes and huffed a breath. Steve fixed him with a glare until he looked back at Steve with a small smile.

'Jeez, you act those kids are your own. But fine, I'll say something, as

long as they don't faint on seeing me.'

Steve raised his eyebrows, 'You'd be surprised by how much doesn't scare them Hargrove.'

Billy grinned and pushed himself up from the wall, brushing by Steve as he passed by.

'I'm guessing nothing much scares you either, huh, Harrington.'

Steve watched Billy saunter away from him, still reeling slightly from the slightly bashful and shamed version of Billy he had just seen. Billy had shown a side that was far more vulnerable than anything Steve had ever seen from him.

As Steve walked back to his car and watched the Camaro speed recklessly away from the parking lot, he struggled with the thoughts in his head. Billy Hargrove remained a prominent figure in his mind for the whole night, leaving Steve kneading his forehead in frustration until the sun rose the next day.

Billy had definitely been wrong about the kids scaring easily, but Steve couldn't help wondering if he might have been wrong about Steve too; Steve felt fucking terrified about the feelings he might have for Billy Hargrove.